Newspapers.com by ancestry
https://www.newspapers.com/image/425655274
The Gazette (Montreal, Quebec, Canada) · Wed, Jul 30, 2003 · Page 47
Downloaded on Mar 29, 2024

TODAY AT FRANCOFOLIES

FREE SHOWS
4 and 7 p.m. Chango Family Circus, Le Monde Forain.
4 to 11 p.m. Karaoke, Tente Karaoké Le Lait.
5 p.m. Guy-Philippe Wells, Le Monde Pop Le Lait.
6 p.m. Lennie Gallant, L'aire Ford Focus.
7 p.m. Chloé Sainte-Marie, Le Monde Trad Desjardins/Radio-Canada.
8 p.m. Les Chiens, La Zone Hip Bleue Dry, Parc des Festivals.
8 and 10 p.m. Bourbon Gautier, Le Monde Pop Le Lait.
8 and 10 p.m. Dupain, Le Monde Multiculturel Hydro-Québec, Parc culturel Hydro-Québec.
9 p.m. Le Vent du Nord, Le Monde Trad Desjardins/Radio-Canada.
9 and 11 p.m. Laurence Jalbert, L'aire Ford Focus.
10 p.m. Dionysos, La Zone Hip Bleue Dry, Parc des Festivals.
Midnight. D-Genyrook, Le Shag, Savoy (Metropolis), 59 Ste. Catherine St. E.

TICKETED SHOWS
7 p.m. Souad Massi, with Lynda Thalie, Spectrum, 318 Ste. Catherine St. W. Cost: $29.50.
7:30 p.m. Michel Rivard, with guest Michel Faubert, Cabaret, 2111 St. Laurent Blvd. Cost: $34.50.
8 p.m. Roch Voisine, Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, Place des Arts. Cost: $29.50 to $44.50.
9 p.m. Francos en délire!, featuring Annie Brocoli, Chick'n Swell, Crampe en masse, Louise Forestier, Jici Lauzon, Les Denis Drolet, Yelo Molo, Dominic Paquet, Plume Latraverse and Mike Ward, Metropolis, 59 Ste. Catherine St. E. Cost: $25.50.
10 p.m. Luc De Larochellière, Monument National, 1182 St. Laurent Blvd. Cost $14.50.
11 p.m. Bertrand Louis and Dumas, Spectrum, 318 Ste. Catherine St. W. Cost: $8.50.

FILM
7p.m. Joséphine; Kacho Komplo; Epopée, National Film Board, 1564 St. Denis St. Cost: $5 to $7.
9 p.m. Raymond Lévesque – d'amour et d'amertume, National Film Board, 1564 St. Denis St. Cost: $5 to $7.

OUTDOOR STAGES
L'aire Ford Focus, corner Jeanne Mance and Ste. Catherine Sts.
La Zone Hip Bleue Dry, corner Bleury St. and de Maisonneuve Blvd.
Le Monde Pop Le Lait, in front of Complexe Desjardins on Ste. Catherine St.
Le Monde Trad Desjardins/Radio-Canada, on Jeanne Mance St. between de Maisonneuve Blvd. and Ste. Catherine St.
Le Monde Multiculturel Hydro-Québec, on Ste. Catherine St., corner of Clark St.
Le Monde Forain, on the northwest esplanade of Place des Arts.
Tente Karaoké Le Lait, on the northeast esplanade of Place des Arts.

Tickets available at:
Admission, call (514) 790-1245 or visit www.admission.com.
Spectrum, 318 Ste. Catherine St. W. Call (514) 861-5851.
Place des Arts, (514) 842-2112.
Club Soda, 1225 St. Laurent Blvd. Call (514) 790-1111.
Monument National, 1182 St. Laurent Blvd. (514) 871-2224.
Metropolis, 59 Ste. Catherine St. E. Call (514) 844-3500.
Cabaret, 2111 St. Laurent Blvd. Call (514) 845-2014.

INFORMATION
For more on the festival, call (514) 876-8989 or 1 (888) 444-9114, or visit www.francofolies.com.

WORTH WATCHING

COURTESY OF FRANCOFOLIES
Dionysos plays tonight at Parc des Festivals, tomorrow at Spectrum.

The big buzz from France

Dionysos (10 p.m., La Zone Hip Bleue Dry, Parc des Festivals) While their surrealistic, if strangely impressionable, take on Americans in their latest album, Western Dans La Neige, is bizarre to say the least – Sergio Leone via Nietzsche and John McEnroe – this is France's most buzz-filled touring band at the moment. Watch for violinist and multi-instrumentalist Elizabeth Ferrer colliding and morphing with laconic lyricist Mathias Malzieu. They're at the Spectrum tomorrow night with Galaxie 500.

JUAN RODRIGUEZ

When U.S. networks preview the coming fall season for TV critics in L.A., stars don't require a camera to act. They turn on the charm and 100-watt smiles to land their shows a little exposure

These stars are always on

JOANNE WEINTRAUB
MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SENTINEL

LUCY NICHOLSON REUTERS
Actor Rob Lowe (left), with son John Owen, 7, makes the rounds, along with Alicia Silverstone, at NBC's big bash for critics last week. He's promoting his new show Lyon's Den and she's promoting her new series Miss Match.

HOLLYWOOD – There were 11 of us in the hotel elevator, but Will Smith only had eyes for his wife.

"You're beautiful," Smith said as he bent down to kiss Jada Pinkett Smith behind one ear, "you're funny" – kiss – "and you're" – kiss – "smart."

It was touching. It was tender. It was all the other nine of us could do not to start high-fiving each other and hollering, "Woooooo!"

Officially, the three weeks of fall previews staged for critics each July are about watching the shows, evaluating the shows and listening to those connected with the shows describe them the way the Nobel Prize committee might describe an especially worthy winner.

Unofficially, the press marathon, which wrapped up last weekend, is about catching people like Mr. and Mrs. Smith in the act of being themselves.

The important word here, of course, is "act." Will Smith's off-camera behavior, like Sharon Osbourne's, Whoopi Goldberg's or Roseanne Barr's, is so much like what you see on the screen that you half-expect a director to yell "Take two!" right in the elevator.

The Smiths' very public smooch-fest – to be fair, Jada was merely a passive smoochee, not an active smoocher – came just minutes after a UPN session where they promoted a new comedy they're producing, All of Us.

Up there on the stage, fielding questions from critics, Will was outrageously charming and uninhibited, Jada more soft-spoken and reserved. Not unlike their movie personas, or their little performance between floors 3 and 12.

> As Warren Beatty said of Madonna ... always on camera, whether there's a camera or not.

Even those of us who watch television for a living need to remind ourselves sometimes that acting, for many stars, is not just a job but a round-the-clock activity. As Warren Beatty said of Madonna in Truth or Dare, she's always on camera, whether there's a camera on her or not.

Still, you'd like to believe that the core is not entirely unlike the surface. That, for instance, Ellen DeGeneres, who came to promote her new talk show, is even half as good-natured with her neighbours as she is with journalists. Or that Carl Reiner – who, while promoting a special on U.S. cable outlet TV Land, told 70 or 80 people how much he loved his new hearing aids – is approximately as nice as he appears.

Then there's comic Goldberg, who was so mercurial in her Friday session, one of the last of the events, that you had to figure you were seeing at least parts of the real Whoopi.

While talking about her new NBC sitcom, Whoopi, La Goldberg briefly puffed away on a cigarette, violating both California's strict anti-smoking laws and unwritten press-conference protocol.

When somebody politely asked Goldberg what was up with that, she was not especially nice about it. But she took every other question that anyone threw at her, listening intently and even making sure no one hogged the microphone.

DAMIAN DOVARGANES ASSOCIATED PRESS
Never shy or retiring, Whoopi Goldberg, beside co-star Omid Djalili, ignored anti-smoking laws while promoting her new self-titled series last week.

She was also both eloquent and concise in defence of her already controversial show, which features jokes about Middle Eastern terrorists, black conservatives and white hip-hop girls.

"I believe there's nothing you can't talk about," Goldberg said. "It's time to remind people that in this country everybody's allowed to have opinions."

There are some things, too, that even the most gifted actor can't fake.

Goldberg, DeGeneres, Barr, Conan O'Brien and a few others are purely, spontaneously hilarious in response to the most humdrum questions.

A Rob Lowe or a Vanessa Williams is as blindingly beautiful in person as on the screen. I swear, you need sunglasses to look at some of these people.

You can't fake meatballs, either. I mention this only because, for a session on The Restaurant, a not particularly wonderful summer reality series on Sunday nights NBC and Global, star chef Rocco DiSpirito's 78-year-old mama made hundreds of them for waiters to distribute to the ladies and gentlemen of the press.

I had one. Best meatball I ever ate. Can't even tell you what's in second place.

The show still needs salt, though.

FRANCOFOLIES

Cowboys capture crowd with encore

DOWN-AND-OUT SONG WHOLLY UPLIFTING

And Mononc' Serge was the life of his own party Sunday night

MARCOS TOWNSEND THE GAZETTE
Les Cowboys Fringants closed their show Monday night with Mon Chum Remi.

As Les Cowboys Fringants concluded their near two-hour free concert before possibly 100,000 on Monday night, there was palpable pride of place – Montreal and Quebec – among fans and organizers alike. This is not your ordinary pop phenomenon, and the quintet's choice of a final encore, Mon Chum Remi, crystallized why. It's a lament for a friend down on his luck, depressed to the max, and when the crowd sang along it's as if everyone collectively felt for him. This was not superstar sexual histrionics or fatuous navel-gazing, but simple humanity. That everyone knew the words by heart said a lot about the character of Les Cowboys' fresh-faced fans.

+++

The main beneficiaries of the crowd spillover to and from the Cowboys show – the most-attended night in the Francos' 15-year history, according to festival officials – were diametrically different local bands Collectivo and Polemil Bazar. The latter quintet offered a craftily choreographed mix of music-hall, tango, Django, swing jazz and cartoon-like music that was relentlessly peppy, occasionally fizzy. Collectivo is a 15-member amalgam of several bands with roots in Latin, Haitian, reggae, dub, and hard rock (keyboardist Joe Evil of GrimSkunk, which played last night at Zone Hip). They made a murky, jumbling, sprawling sound, something like the Club Med from hell with a detour through Puerto Vallarta. Which went down swell with tens of thousands of mainly under-25 Montrealers, tourists in their own town.

+++

Chloé Sainte-Marie was practically laughed out of la belle province when she released her debut album a decade ago, tagged as a lightweight poupée (filmmaker Gilles Carle's belle). Any doubts about her talent, and good taste, were put to rest late last year with the magical CD Je Marche à Toi. Opening with the simple enunciation of various nations of native North Americans in Mishapen Nitassinan, her pleasantly wispy voice plays delicately against sparse folk instrumentation utilized in ways more modern than naif. Coming off a people's choice award in June at a festival in Montauban, in southwestern France, she's the only Québécoise at this year's Discoveries series (at Le Monde Trad on Jeanne Mance St., the festival's most peaceful stage area), tonight at 7. She's also Michel Rivard's duet guest tomorrow night at the Cabaret.

+++

Mononc' Serge was the life of his own party on Sunday night at Metropolis: slow-moving song-blagues delivered with all the elan of a tavern habituée. Gross humour can be effective when there's shock value behind it, but his puerile routines – like rough-talking radio superstar Gilles Proulx teaching Anne of Green Gables the ropes, so to speak – were dead on arrival. His drearily rudimentary rock didn't help. I kept waiting for punch lines that had some jolt and when they weren't forthcoming, I walked out.

+++

Stephen Faulkner was accorded the festival's biggest outdoor stage on Sunday night and didn't waste the opportunity. He delivered a big relaxed elastic country-rock sound heard too infrequently from the sympathetic 48-year-old, who started out in 1972 as an accomplice of the droll Plume Latraverse. "Normally, I'm not a plugger," he announced, but three out-of-print albums – from the seminal A Cheval donné on r'garde pas la bride (1980), to the country-folk Caboose (1992), to the highly recommended swingy-jazz of Tessons d'auréole (2000) – have recently been re-released by his new label La Tribu.

JUAN RODRIGUEZ

Copyright © 2024 Newspapers.com. All Rights Reserved.
Powered by Newspapers.com